

THE
Lehigh Journal.
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BY THE
CLASS OF '76
OF
THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

MARCH, 1874.

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BETHLEHEM, PENN'A:

D. J. GODSHALK, PRINTER.

LEHIGH JOURNAL.

THE "GALAXY"

Is just entering on the eighth year of its existence. It started to be the foremost literary magazine in the country. Entirely discarding mere pictorial attractions and strictly local connections, its aim has been to present each month the choicest possible literary bill of fare to its readers. It has aimed to be thoroughly up to the times in the choice of subjects which it has discussed, and most of the live questions of the day are ably treated in its pages. Its liberal policy and high literary tone have drawn to it contributions from some of the ablest of our statesmen. Many of these contributions are of the greatest importance, and give an inside view of our current history which could not otherwise be obtained. Secretary Welles has given its readers an inside view of our naval operations during the Rebellion, and in his late series of papers on Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward has given many exceedingly interesting revelations as to the positions, views, and acts of Mr. Lincoln and the leading members of his Cabinet on the great questions which engaged their attention.

In the January number, Judge Black had an article on his relations with Mr. Seward.

Mr. Thurlow Weed has given many interesting chapters from his Autobiography, touching on the most important events of his life, and his recollections of the great men with whom he has come in contact.

In other departments the "Galaxy" has attracted to itself many of our freshest and brightest writers. Maj. General Custer will continue during the year his interesting sketches of Army Life on the Plains. The articles which he has already published, while strictly true, are of the most romantic interest.

Justin McCarthy, the brilliant essayist, will continue his sketches of remarkable men. He has also just commenced a serial story called "Linley Rochford."

Mrs. Annie Edwards, one of the most popular female novelists, will commence a new serial in the "Galaxy" within a month or two.

Richard Grant White will continue his articles on the Proper Use of Words.

Richard B. Kimball, whose reputation as an able financier as well as author will give interest to his articles, will contribute a series of papers on Wall street.

In the way of sketches of travel, essays, etc., Junius Henri Browne, Kate Hillard, Fanny Roper Fudge, and others will appear. Short stories may be expected from Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. John Sherwood, Miss Ella W. Thompson, Miss Rose Terry, Miss Dora Havens, Henry James, Col. J. W. DeForest, and others.

The "Galaxy" appeals to all tastes—to those who require articles of thought and instruction, and for those who read for amusement only. It is therefore welcome in every family.

The departments of the "Galaxy" will be maintained as heretofore. Prof. E. L. Youmans will continue to prepare the monthly Scientific Miscellany, and Geo. E. Pond the Drift-Wood articles. The articles on literature are prepared by the ablest hands. The "Galaxy" is in no sense sectional, but appeals to the whole country alike. It has a right to anticipate a success in the future, greater event than it has already attained. The liberal policy which its publishers, Sheldon & Co., have pursued richly deserves this success.

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Dentist to Young Ladies' Seminary.

The Lehigh Journal.

Vol. I.

BETHLEHEM, PA., MARCH, 1874.

No. 5.

"THE RIVER."

River! river! little river!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the shining pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! river! ever swelling!
On you rush, now rough, now smooth;
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! river! brimming river!
Broad and deep, and still as time,
Seeming still, yet still in motion,
Speeding onward to the ocean,
Like the full-matured man.

River! river! rapid river!
Swifter now you slip away,
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! river! headlong river!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage ne'er hath rounded,
Like eternity.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The pursuit of scientific studies has always been the privilege and pleasure of a chosen few. The mass of men who have their bread to earn and their families to support have not the time to give to the patient study and long-continued investigation which are necessary for even moderate attainments in the

knowledge of the facts and phenomena of nature which lie scattered all around us. The more intelligent classes have therefore always been divided into two great bodies, those who study and those who live entirely engrossed in earning money, either for necessities or luxuries. At first, and for a long time, indeed, like the schoolboy who, having made the first steps only in knowledge, feels himself lifted up and separated as by a vast chasm from his mates who are a little less advanced than himself, the students looked upon themselves as almost a race apart. They kept their knowledge to themselves, appearing to cherish it not so much for its usefulness as because it was to them a badge of distinction from the "misera plebs." But now that knowledge and science are far advanced, a better view of its nature has taken hold of the minds whose possession it is. They have come to look upon themselves as the trustees of a valuable treasure, whose duty it is to communicate it to all the race, to each one what he can receive. From this feeling have begun the popular science lectures which are nowadays so frequent. Their object is to spread abroad scientific facts, to give to men who have not the time or means to study for themselves, the results of the labors of scientific men. The object is not to teach Science, which would include the methods of investigation, but to communicate to as large a

public as possible the facts of science, which, while they are to the individual scientist, perhaps, but matters of curiosity, are to the race in general of the utmost value practically. To the astronomer it is simply interesting to study the motions of the sun and the planetary system, but to the navigator it is of vital, practical importance to have a correct knowledge of them. Our superiority to the ancients consists not so much in the fact that our science is further advanced, but that the truths it teaches us have been so much diffused that they have entered more and more deeply into the every day life of the race, leading greatly to the amelioration of man's condition as regards his power and his comfort.

It is, therefore, with the greatest interest and favor that these attempts to popularize science by means of lectures should be regarded. It may be said that comparatively little of a science can in this way be communicated. But when we say this we measure the amount by the gauge of the scientific man. To him it may be little, but to the public at large that little is much ; while, as the methods of illustration and experiment are improving every day, that little or much, as you choose, will naturally be greatly though gradually increased along with them. What to the men, and the wise men, too, of the middle ages were mysteries difficult of credence, are in many cases to-day almost axioms to even the common people. How shall we say it will not be so in the future with our difficult achievements of to-day ? As Macaulay says, "The sun illuminates the tops of the mountains a little before

it shines in the valleys. So the sun of Truth shines on the great minds shortly before it reaches the lesser, but it finally shines on all alike." This diffusion of knowledge which has hitherto gone on through the force of circumstances, cannot but be much hastened when man puts his shoulder to the wheel. When we see that without any special effort on the part of scientific men to aid them, the people have already imbibed many of the truths of science, how shall we not expect them to progress more rapidly in knowledge now that such efforts are making to make the road plain before them. By popularizing science we are aiding the race in its progress, we are making the life of the people easier, and are raising it more and more above the dead level of mere animal life. The effects are not, of course, instantaneous ; years may show no visible change for the better, but, nevertheless, we may rest assured that such a change, slow, but sure, is going on.

I cannot close this article without congratulating the University on the praiseworthy efforts made by its two Societies, the Engineering and the Chemical, in this direction. The two courses hitherto given by the Chemical Society, and the excellent first, not, I hope, to be the last, course given this year by the Engineering Society, have been listened to with interest and profit by all of us.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

There is no school or college of any importance in our country that does not number among its attractions a literary society. So highly esteemed are they,

indeed, that they are not simply confined to our halls of learning, but are to be found in many communities as institutions in themselves, offsprings of the desire of the people for a liberal and extended education. We find that they induce study, and lead the mind into habits of thought, and, moreover, provide that practice by which we are enabled to obtain a fluent, unembarrassed delivery. The old Laconian age has long since gone by, and we now find that well-rounded periods and fluent sentences have taken the place of the Laconic terseness. We are liable at any time to be called upon to give expression to our thoughts and opinions, and he who can do this in a graceful, glib manner adds force to his words. The literary society is a great educator in this respect, and ranks far higher as such, and is much more useful than the rostrum—that terror to so many youths.

The idea of compulsion that is always conjured up by the mention of the rostrum is in no way connected with the society, and never mars its usefulness. Great as its present influence as an educator is, we are somewhat inclined to think that it might be increased, provided that some changes are made in the manner in which it is often conducted. In the first place we must not lose sight of the fact that improvement is our objective point, and that if we desire this we must be diligent in our research. Now it is evident that the research will depend on the interest we take, and as a matter of course, that will be proportioned to the character of our undertaking. Now the *debate* occupies the principal

attention of a literary society, and it is important, therefore, that its subject be an interesting one. Many societies take subjects similar to the following, which, by the way, was the first one we ever discussed: "Resolved, That Napoleon was a greater man than Charles XII. of Sweden." Now the name of Napoleon is a household word, while that of the King of Sweden is comparatively unknown. As a consequence the contest is unfair, the interest is destroyed, and with it the chance for improvement. All such topics which are in any way biased should be tabooed. To us it seems as though the topics of the day are the fairest and best, since besides combining freshness with merit, they are still open for discussion, sufficient time not having yet passed to allow us to determine as to which is the side of right. Moreover, the present student is the coming man, and as the issues of to-day are likely to affect the future, it becomes us to gain an insight into the spirit of the times.

Again, there is another change which we would suggest, and that is that no man be called on to argue contrary to his convictions. When a topic has been selected the debaters are generally selected indiscriminately, and assigned, without any reference to their opinions, to the support either of the affirmative or negative. Now we think that this is wrong, since it will lead either to lack of interest, or will be apt to blunt our ideas of right, and render us indifferent in the future as to what views we may take. Besides, all improvement would be lost, since while men would labor and make research to prove what they

believed, they would not do so in a cause contrary to their convictions.

Again, we think that literary societies, whether secret or open, should have occasional public exercises, as it would tend to stimulate to greater effort.

Finally, we would say that outside influences should not be allowed to detract from the prime motive, improvement, and that every means should be taken to further this aim and promote the cause of education. Mox.

A NEW IDEA.

Don't be startled, reader, and expect to find something new for your perusal, for, as some one has sagely remarked, "There is nothing new under the sun."

Very few writers are characterized by originality either of thought or expression, and those who are endowed with this faculty—for we claim that it is a gift of nature—are almost sure to achieve success. Almost any well educated person can express his thoughts clearly and intelligibly, but very few, comparatively, of those who pursue a literary career attain any marked degree of success.

In these days, when literary culture has reached such an advanced stage of progress, and publications of all sorts and of all degrees of perfection and imperfection flood the market, only those writers become known to the world who, by their originality of thought and expression, force their individuality upon the attention, and by some attraction, frequently imperceptible, draw around the reader a potent spell of forgetfulness, which renders him entirely uncon-

scious save of the thoughts and ideas upon which he is intent. Such a writer was Charles Dickens. By his wonderful descriptive power, which is peculiar to Dickens alone, and which is, in many respects, original, he has achieved for himself a lasting fame. In our own country, too, "The Danbury News Man," by his marked originality of thought and expression, has rapidly risen in the world of letters.

Often have we racked our brains in the vain attempt to deduce something new and original with which to startle the student world at old —. Sometimes we have been elated almost to the seventh heaven, and, in our transport, have, like the poet Horace, been inclined to strike the stars with our upturned head, at the thought of having obtained the long wished for end; but our happiness has always been short-lived, and our fond hopes were soon blasted at finding the same thought, only more forcibly and elegantly expressed, in the writings of some distinguished author.

But there is one fact which encourages the young author in his attempts at literary pre-eminence. It is this: While the idea may not be new, the form of expression differs in every individual case, so that, as different minds vary in their conceptions, that which produces a forcible and lasting impression upon one, may have no effect whatever upon another. For, as *De gustibus non disputandum est*, so it is almost impossible to pick up any book or magazine, the tone of which is not obviously immoral or vicious, which shall not be possessed of

interest, as well as merit, to some at least.

It has always been a mystery to us how any person could take an interest in the dry pages of Hume, or the ponderous writings of Gibbon; and yet the works of these authors possess unquestionable merit.

In writings, as in every-day life, we are pleased and attracted by the winning manner of this one: we are repulsed and driven back by the unpleasant and disagreeable manner of that one.

All men long, with a longing that seems a part of their very nature, for immortality—at the thought of being covered up in the dark, cold earth, with only a tombstone upon which is engraved to be effaced by the ruthless hand of time, a simple name to remind the transient visitor that such an one ever existed—"to die, to be forgotten," causes the same to shudder.

By none, it seems to us, is this desire for immortality more cherished, or to none is it more sure of achievement than to the author—his thoughts, his actions, his aspirations; yea, his whole being, merged into his writings, shall live long after his bones have crumbled into dust. As long as the American nation shall last the names of Webster, Irving, Bryant and Longfellow will be as familiar as household words.

Influenced by these and similar thoughts, doubtless, the editors of the JOURNAL have exerted themselves, and, as the result of their labors have presented to its readers this little magazine, not that through it they expect to achieve lasting fame or immortality, but as large

oaks from little acorns grow, so too this to them may prove a stepping-stone to something higher and better—something which may, perchance, in after years, allow them the privilege of ranking those who have not lived for themselves alone, but to entertain, instruct and point out the way of life to their fellow man, thus rendering them happier, nobler and better.

AMICUS.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

As I sat in my cosy room last evening, toasting my shins before the cheerful fire in my grate, feeling particularly pleased with myself and the world at large, and trying to imagine myself the occupant of an air-castle of larger size than usual—for I am addicted to that style of architecture—I was suddenly recalled to earth by the thought that I had promised to write for the JOURNAL.

I at once began to wish the JOURNAL, the editors and publishers, and all connected, had never been invented; but, realizing that they were fixtures, I tried hard to coax my brains into good humor, but no, being cheated out of an air-castle, they had no appetite for husks. So I tried to imagine how and by what means the idea of duty came to break in upon my reverie—like a cat upon a crowd of mice—a tutor upon a meeting of the unterrified during study hours—or the mistress of the house upon the cook's little party in the kitchen.

But while thinking, my attention was attracted by shrieks and cries from the Preps, who inhabit the region of the Shadow of Death. I would have challenged any sober man to hear the noise

and then say that murder, theft, robbery or some of the higher crimes and misdemeanors were not being perpetrated.

A happy thought strikes me—write about the noises that occur every evening—call it “voices of the night.” It sounds well—I’ll follow it up.

Here I am above every one—where I can catch the first rays of the sun as they gild the eastern sky. By and by up comes Old Sol himself to inspect the state of affairs in our little world. But we are night birds, and have to do with deeds of darkness. As the setting sun shines upon the quaint old houses on Nisky Hill, about whose eaves the old associations cling like swallows during a rain, we come out from our hiding places. As the evening shades draw around us, we rest awhile from our daily tasks before the work of the night claims our attention. As we are looking over our day’s record of intentions and their accomplishment, the voices of the evening begin.

We have read somewhere a poem commencing,

“The man who hath no music in himself”—and have thanked our stars that there is such a man, and wished to make his acquaintance—and thought how we should like to have him room with us, or mayhap across the way, and in at the next door, and in the room under us at the same time; how pleasant our life would be. But, alas! we never have found him, or, at least, he never would acknowledge the fact, but always had some instrument of torture, varying in power from a bass drum to a jewsharp, on which he invoked Apollo.

There they begin. The few, thank heaven there are but a few, who imagine themselves possessed of tuneful voices, gather to render hideous the deepening twilight by a combination of quavers flats and discords.

Every now and then I can distinguish “tucky home,” “Oma-haw,” and the rest is lost in a tumbling sea of confused words, tones and noise.

They work hard to produce such a fearful and wonderful result. I hope they enjoy it, and snore sweetly as they dream of the entrancing strains, for strains they are, and wearying to both actor and listener.

I knew it. When they started I knew it would come—**THAT PREP.** How shall I describe him? Even Dr. Ben’s largest five barred syllable would do him scanty justice. Old Juvenal himself might have exclaimed with good reason did he know **THAT PREP.**

“Incipe, Calliope, licet et considere : non est
Cantandum, res vera agitur: narrate, puellæ
Pierides:”

His tuneful soul is fired by the harmonious discord below, and, in a fit of rivalry, he seizes his penny trumpet and proceeds to give us a little opera.

I admire **THAT PREP.** When he dies—may the day be near or there will be vacant chairs at the mess table, let his requiem be performed on his favorite instrument, and then bury it with him lest some one else get hold of it.

The cracked fiddle with two strings, on the next floor, now wakes into life and shows us how somebody or other played the great something in B flat.

I notice that it makes the hearers look melancholy as they listen to the playing.

It seems to act in the same manner as the voice of the man whose friends were saddest when he sung.

The cornet from the corner room endeavors to play from sight an entirely new piece. Like the war inspiring bugle it stirs the martial spirits of each hearer, who grasps the nearest weapon and prepares for combat.

Even the Heathen, imagining himself in the "Joss House" of his ancestors, having girded up his chop-sticks, brings out the family tom-tom and proceeds to execute a difficult solo.

Then comes that Olympic contest of Preps in the entry—when victor, vanquished and audience keep up one long harmonious yell—but, as the tutor makes his appearance, the entertainment adjourns *sine die*.

The cheerful pipe of the Aztec is now heard giving the latest news from the "Mulligan Guards."

"Over the fence is out." We did not believe it at first, but, after having heard it reiterated for four long months from morn to dewy eve, we are entirely convinced, and hope it will stay "out."

So we listen with awe and wonder at the varied talent of our University.

We learn that no force is ever lost. What an enormous amount of work is unconsciously performed every night. But then—again the shrieks rise and fall as the gas bobs up and down as if bewitched. But the meter having taken a drink returns to work and the trouble is o'er.

Now comes a lull; all are tired out. I doubt not you are also heartily tired of these revelations of . . . A LISTENER.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

MR. EDITOR: Having received an invitation to go through a coal mine last vacation, I accepted it, and hope the following short description will interest the readers of the JOURNAL.

We entered the mine by going down a slope in a car, starting on a pitch of twenty-three degrees, but after having descended three hundred yards, the pitch increased to seventy-nine degrees. To one not accustomed to the mines it would be a rather ticklish affair, this riding into the bowels of the earth in a nearly perpendicular position, and I must say that I fancied many queer things. We reached the bottom with a bump that made me grasp the car with a terrible grip thinking that something was wrong, but being kindly informed that no accident had occurred I felt considerably relieved. Alighting from the car we walked along a level passage in which there is a narrow track laid for the purpose of bringing the coal to the bottom of the slope. The appearance of the mine was dark and gloomy; water dripping from the top of the passage way, bottom heaving and cracking. I noted with great interest the miners getting out the coal, but my interest was soon broken by hearing a loud report in front of me, which made me think I had an engagement in some other place. My nervousness seemed to amuse the men very much, for they burst out into a loud laugh, which made the vaulted passage ring again and again. One of the men then told me the noise I had heard was nothing but a blast, and was very com-

mon. Having asked him what the effect of the blast was, he replied it is to loosen the coal so we can easily dig it out. Suddenly going around a curve we came upon a party of miners standing knee deep in water drilling a hole for the purpose of blasting; there was occasionally a shower of sparks as the drill struck a hard rock. The hole was made about two feet deep and one and a half inches in diameter, then powder put in, a slow match attached and fired. Our steps were now turned to the stables; here we saw about fifty mules eating as quietly as if they were in the open air, but upon being told they had been down a number of years and would most likely die there, we were not much surprised. After viewing the engines that are used for pumping water out of the mine, we concluded we had enough underground pleasure for one day, so retracing our steps we arrived at the bottom of the slope, here getting into a car we were speedily hoisted to the top, making the run of five hundred and eleven yards in two and a half minutes.

To make me feel contented and happy on the way up, the persons I was with told me that occasionally the rope broke, and the occupants of the car generally killed. It is needless to say that "I felt happy." Going down a short ladder we saw the large double engine, between three and four hundred horse power, that is used for hoisting cars of coal from the bottom. After the coal is brought to the top it is taken and dumped into the breaker where the dirt and slate is taken out. It is then run through large screens making the different sizes of coal, and

after loading it into railroad cars and weighing it, it is ready for shipping to the coal markets.

Yours,

* * *

MEMORY.

He that is stricken blind cannot forget the precious treasures of his eyesight left.—SHAKS.

Memory is the sweetest balm which it e'er became the fortune of man to possess. It is to the man what the sunlight is to the flower. It is in fact his life, the energy which stimulates him to the accomplishment of deeds which characterize the man—that greatest work of God's creation. Should the shrill blast of adversity touch him who is at once fresh and blooming, memory prescribes her requisite medicine and all becomes again as serene and beautiful as before. Imagine yourself dispossessed of its influence, and then, but not till then, can you acquire a true conception of its great import and of the magnanimous part which it plays in the drama of life. When released from our daily apportionment of work, and we seek the quiet of our peaceful homes, then the memory of other years grows upon us as sweetly as oft does repose, and helps the flight of hours which, otherwise, might have been naught but an extra burden. There may have been actions in our past life the memory of which causes a shudder at even a thought of them, still these can become, as it were, an advantage by merging into safeguards upon like actions during future life. The memory of a dear mother, a kind father or a loving sister are thoughts which will awaken the slumbering chords in the heart of

steel, and cause them to vibrate gaily if but for a single instant. Should the mother be lost to us forever, then her memory is something sublime, something grand beyond human conception. The eyes may dim with fast falling tears, the bosom heave with partially restrained emotion, still after this passes by, and the storm, as always, followed by its corresponding calm, the relief afforded is something to be experienced, not imagined. When you gaze upon an aged woman, whose wrinkled face and capped head denote the impress of time, can you conjecture that she has not memories of past years which haunt her fast failing mind, and re-echo again and again in the inmost recesses of her heart? And again, can you but believe that these memories render life more bearable? I will answer for you, reader, yes. Then can it be possible that memory smooths over many rugged places in our path, and sweetens the cup of gall which we are oft obliged to imbibe? Yes, and it does even more than this. It leads us to believe that by good and faithful lives upon this wicked earth, we will reach a goal, which has been promised to us—a land where misery and want are things that were, and where every use of that faculty is unnecessary.

NALWON.

SPRAY.

Arithmetical calculation of the annual expenditures at West Point develops the fact that each cadet, at graduating, represents an outlay of eight thousand dollars of Government money.

Cornell University will provide a chair for the Professor of Journalism, and will teach aspirants to the chair editorial everything from setting type to writing leaders. Diplomas are to be given to graduates.

The Yale Catalogue contains the following announcement: "After June, 1874, the degree of Master of Arts will only be conferred by the corporation on those who give satisfactory evidence that they have been pursuing advanced courses of study. The conditions will be fully stated hereafter."

A plan for organizing a tournament between some of the different college nines has been proposed by Princeton and Yale. A convention of delegates from the different colleges will soon be held to discuss the advisability of carrying it out.—*The Magenta*.

Rumor says Kappa Alpha intends establishing a chapter at Vassar. We hope it is not true. For the good of the Fraternities may they never be placed in female or mixed colleges.—*Chi Phi Quarterly*.

We see by an article in *The Targum* that the students of Rutgers College are in the same fix as ourselves. In case they attend worship elsewhere than in the Chapel they are obliged to present, on Monday morning, the following statement, with signature attached: "I hereby certify that I attended religious worship at the Church, in this city, on Sunday, the day of , 187 , and that I was present at the beginning of the service, and did not leave until the close."

THE
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BETHLEHEM,.....MARCH, 1874.

WHEN the subject of a Class Journal was first under discussion it was proposed to make it a paper much larger in size than it eventually appeared. It was our resolve to make it what it now is, but we found by a careful examination of our resources that neither funds nor our literary support would admit. Acting then on the principle that it was better to commence modestly and succeed, than on a larger scale and fail, we issued our first number. Since that time we have been laboring to place our undertaking on a firm footing, and have done all that in us lay to increase the interest that was manifested at the start. It is always hard to break the ice and get a new thing well underway, but when it is once accomplished, the union of energy and perseverance will work wonders. It took us some time to effect this, but finally, perceiving a marked advance in the interest taken in the JOURNAL, we determined to enlarge it, and as a consequence the present number makes its appearance with an increase in its contents of fully one half.

WE have hitherto been exceedingly cramped for space, and hence are able to heartily welcome

the increase in our JOURNAL, opening up as it does facilities for greater usefulness. We are now better able to represent the important interests, which is always the part of a College paper, and, by our influence, "to be worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a library of by-laws or an army of faculty spies." We trust that the efforts on our part to afford the students an opportunity to improve themselves in literary culture will not be lost. "Progress and Improvement" is our motto, and we hope that it will meet with a corresponding spirit in the students.

WE would like to call the attention of those who intend writing for the JOURNAL to a few simple requirements. Not that we think that the majority require any prompting, but because a few who are either ignorant or careless do. We will not accept anonymous communications. We do not desire contributions written in lead pencil, nor do we wish them written on both sides of the sheet. Very little things, perhaps, but never the less essential in this case. Any writer who neglects either of these simple particulars lessens the chance for the acceptance of his article. These few remarks are called out by the fact that we received an article not long since that was a violation of all the above requirements. We did not accept it, or rather its anonymous character and loose style would not allow us to accept it.

OUR University has been greatly honored in the person of Dr. Coppee, its President, by his appointment as one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institute. This is a National Institution, and the Regents are appointed by Congress. The President, Vice President and the Chief Justice of the United States are Regents, *ex-officio*. The Senate and House of Representatives each appoint three of its members during the period of the Congress. Six other citizens are appointed, of whom it is required that two shall be citizens of Washington. This leaves but four to be selected from the country at large, which makes the honor a really rare and valuable distinction. The appointment is for six years. The Board meets two or three times a year to look into the affairs and foster the interests of the Institution. Dr. Coppee attended the meeting of the Board for January.

WE would request the students to keep us posted in regard to any little matters that may come under their notice, that would be of any interest to the University at large. Any information in regard to graduates or former students thankfully received. Co-operation on your part will tend to make the JOURNAL more interesting.

At a regular meeting of the Engineering Society, on Wednesday, February 4th, a Committee was appointed to make arrangements for the proposed trip of the Society. A paper entitled, "Practical Hints on Railroad Culverts," was read by J. A. Evans. Another, entitled, the "Theory of Strains in Foundry Derricks," by Mr. W. D. Hartshorne.

On the morning of the 22d of February, in lieu of the usual exercises, the students assembled in the Chapel at 9½ o'clock, for the purpose of celebrating the 142d natal day of George Washington. The exercises were opened by an anthem, "Washington's Birthday," which was creditably rendered by the Chapel Choir. Immediately after this the usual order of morning prayers was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Whitehead. Then portions of the "Farewell Address" were read by Mr. A. Meaker, of the Junior class, after which the "Oration" was pronounced by Mr. Smith M. Wilson, of the Senior class. This gentleman labored under the disadvantage of having a well worn subject to handle. Despite this fact he delivered a very interesting address. The young ladies from Bishopthorpe graced the Hall by their presence, and lent an additional charm to the occasion. A few friends from town were also present. There were no further exercises during the day.

THE Trustees of the University have finally taken the matter in hand and it is more than likely that we will have a gymnasium before long. Several thousand dollars have already been subscribed, and Judge Packer has promised to give "dollar for dollar" for all that is raised.

Some time since the President called on the students to show their interest by subscribing. They immediately assembled and appointed a committee to draw up a set of "resolutions," which should embody the sense of the meeting.

The following are the resolutions as drawn up by the committee and accepted by the students:

Resolved, That the students of Lehigh University hereby create an Association to be known as the LEHIGH ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION;

That any student shall become a charter member of the same upon payment of an initiation fee of \$10;

That the books for membership be opened immediately;

That a committee be appointed to solicit and receive names and fees for membership, to turn the same over to proper officers when such are elected;

That additional subscriptions be solicited from any student so disposed, to be applied on the

general fund of the Association, and the amount thereof to be placed to his credit on account of monthly dues;

That the fund so provided be applied to the equipment and maintenance of a gymnasium, and to such other purposes as the Association may hereafter direct;

That the vigorous co-operation and support of every student be hereby urged.

That a committee be appointed which shall, upon completion of the membership rolls, wait upon the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, and inform them of the action of the Association, and request the erection of an appropriate building.

They immediately acted on these and the work of enrolling members went actively on. On the 26th of February, however, the President made the statement that no contributions would be accepted unless given "unconditionally." The Trustees propose to make it free to all.

So far as the gymnasium is concerned the action of the students is null and void. As to whether they will adopt the last half of the 6th section "and to such other purposes as the Association may hereafter direct," said half referring to a "ball nine" and "boat club," is for them to decide.

THE proofsheets of the new Catalogue for 1874 of Lehigh University, have received their final correction, and we have been informed that it will be ready by the 7th of this month.

In the coming numbers of the JOURNAL we propose to devote some space to noticing our numerous College exchanges.

PERSONAL.

Mr. R. B. Claxton of "'73" was in Bethlehem on a short visit last month.

We learn that Mr. S. S. Bigler, formerly of "'76" intends going into the coal business in Harrisburg on the 1st of March.

Mr. A. F. Hanna of "'76" was forced to return to his home, through sickness. We trust that he will soon recover and be able to return to the University.

The following are the officers of the Class of "'76" for the ensuing term:

W. Mason Bines, President.

L. W. Richards, V. President.

J. Calvert, Secretary.

W. P. Rice, Treasurer.

A learned Prep, who has probably been bored by the nightly singing of the "March of the Mulligan Guards" in Saucon Hall, sends us the following:

The hours of eve were nearly spent,
As through the gaslit hall there went
A fool, who yelled, passing along,
The chorns of the latest song,
Mulligan !

His speech was thick ; his nose below
Looked like a redhot piece of tow ;
And like a squalling feline rung
The accents of that thirsty tongue,
Mulligan !

* * * * *

A skeleton, very lank and lean,
Half buried in the snow was seen,
Who gasped and cried, "'Tis for the best,
Some other time we'll give the rest—
Of Mulligan !"

There, in the moonlight cold and grey,
His spirit had "marched, marched" away;
And the students cried from hearts so sore,
"Thank God, that we will have no more—
Of Mulligan !"

HERE AND THERE.

—Joint education—Gymnastics.

—Junior—Why is my chum like a harp struck by lightning? Because he's a blasted liar. Correct.—*Ex.*

—“Professor, will you have a segar?” said a man in the office of a Boston hotel, and nineteen men stood up and replied, “Thank ye—don’t care if I do.”

—A professor once stated to a class that a fool could put as many questions in an hour as would puzzle a wise man for a day. “By Jove!” exclaimed one of the students, “now I understand how I was plucked last time in constitutional history.”—*Ex.*

—A la Chesterfield. (Polite darkey bowing very low to dignified student,) “Is you the *man* dat stays in this here room?” “Yes.” “Well, I is the *gentleman* that fixed your stove.”—*Ex.*

—The professor of Natural Philosophy in a certain college recently gave the class a problem to think of during the night, and answer the next morning. The question was this: “If a hole were bored through the centre of the earth, from side to side, and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through and where wold it come to a state of rest?” The next morning a student was called up to solve the problem. “What answer have you to give to the problem?” asked the professor. “Well, really,” replied the student, “I have not thought of the main question, but of a preliminary one: How are you going to get that hole bored through?”

—A Freshman was attended by father, mother and sister at examination, and when the result was pronounced satisfactory, the father asked the Professor out, to have—something.—*Ex.*

—A new student passing the door of the Laboratory, wanted to know what the devil we were doing with a drug store in college.—*Ex.*

—Professor in English.—“Give an example of metre.”

Student of ‘75’ (cogitating).—“An example of meet-her? ‘Comin’ thro’ the rye,’ sir.” (General sensation.)

Prof. (sternly).—“I think, young gentleman, your gas-metre needs regulating.” (Still greater sensation.)—*Ex.*

The FEBRUARY number of WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is really a marvel of what can be furnished for only one dollar a year; considering the cost and the quality this is the cheapest magazine which comes to our table. Its articles have a chasteness about them which is not always found in periodical literature, which adapts it to fill a place now too largely occupied by cheap publications that are positively injurious to the young, without being exactly immoral.

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